

The Times Dispatch

Business Office.....216 E. Main Street, Richmond, Va.  
Telephone Bureau.....109 N. Sycamore Street, Lynchburg, Va.  
BY MAIL One Six Three One  
POSTAGE PAID Yearly \$3.00  
Daily with Sunday.....\$1.00  
Daily without Sunday.....\$1.00  
Sunday (edition only).....\$1.00  
Weekly (Wednesday).....\$1.00

Entered January 27, 1904, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1912.

THE INCOME TAX PARCE.

The income tax returns for Richmond indicate many of our citizens of having done the things they ought not to have done and of having left undone the things they ought to have done. The sin of omission in this instance is playing as that of commission. If some have minimized their fortunes temporarily for public recreation, others have papered themselves entirely by implication, for they are not even listed. The list of names and amounts published in The Times-Dispatch has supplied the people of Richmond with immensely interesting reading matter of intense civic value, for the record proves a few general features of private conscience to the breeding of public duty. Public opinion has it that many on the list have made outrageously improper returns and that many who are not on the list at all should be near its top. People who pay private bills promptly either do not pay public bills at all or discount them at will anywhere from 25 to 75 and 100 per cent. The man who returns what he knows to be an untrue statement of his income is guilty of both falsehood and deceit.

All income tax-payers are divided into two classes. The first is composed of those who willfully and maliciously make false returns. The second is composed of those who make their returns with a mistaken conception of the meaning of these "losses" exempted by the statute. That simple plural "losses" has suffered wide and unreasonable construction. Dr. Douglass S. Freeman, former State Tax Commissioner, declares in his charmingly valuable report that "in defining losses, the writer has been informed that some commissioners of the revenue have construed servants' hire, employees' wages, etc., to be losses. Manifestly, such carelessness can produce only one result—loss to the Commonwealth and injustice to honest taxpayers." There were doubtless many who thought "losses" equivalent to "expenditures," a most mistaken idea, when it is remembered that for the average expenditure there is a return in some form or other. The word in the statute should have the most detailed and explicit definition from the next General Assembly, for many well-intending people have not borne their fair share of taxation because of their erroneous interpretation of the term.

Excess and violation of the income tax law is not exclusive to Richmond. It exists in varying degree in every other city and county in Virginia. Last year, when the amount exempted was but \$1,000 there was not a single man in the counties of Bland, Cumberland, Floyd, Greene, King George, Mathews and Stafford who had an income of \$1,000, judging by the record. The report of the State Tax Commission shows that in 1910 there was in thirty-two counties not a single taxable income of \$1,000. Between the cities there was the widest variation.

Scrutiny of the returns for Richmond is most informing. It shows that the income tax law dries up utterly the water millions, whose millions are intangible and invisible. It throws the spotlight on the citizen who is prodigal in private expenditures, but who has taken no part in his dealing with the government that protects his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It shows up the man who has tried to advance by returning a far larger income than he possesses. It shows who is "short" in his public dealings. The lowest upper is not always the highest taxpayer. The prodigal son may be the State's taxpayer. The sportsman falls pleasantly on the man of modest means, whose returns are true, but the audience will rise when the really wealthy man makes true return of his income. He is in danger for the species is rapidly becoming extinct. A few years more and he will be inscribed, labeled and preserved with the battle-axes as a rare relic of past patriotism.

AN ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE ALMIGHTY.  
Fifty-six countries to-day arrive because William Booth, general of the Salvation Army, at last has heard the "one clear call" of his captain. Millions of the masses of the world today mourn the passing of him who was the greatest exponent of practical, everyday religion of his time; the militant teacher who taught hundreds of thousands that religion is not confined within the four walls of the church, but reaches into every street and alley, into every hovel and tenement, a living and ever-present help for everybody everywhere. To the oppressed of the cities, to the poverty-stricken, to the homeless, to the hopelessly and to the godless, this general brought the good courage of him who follows in the train of the Lord God of Hosts. William Booth, seeking to capture the masses there in the cities, made religion democratic.

Dying in his eighty-third year, he had worn the armor of a soldier of the Cross for sixty-two years, forty-seven of which were spent in directing the energies, recruiting the ranks and building the strength of the Salvation Army, which is simply a religious organization on military principles. Under the guiding hand of its great general it has grown from a score into a magnificent army of 8,574 corps and outposts under the direction of 22,513 officers and employees, with 904 social relief stations and 26,275 formally affiliated communicants. What better monument could this militant warrior of religion leave than an institution that outstretches its warm and uplifting hands to unfortunate women, to babies, to children, to the unemployed, to prisoners, to families, to the sick, the sore hearted, the distressed, the fallen? It is a mighty force for ever-increasing good that William Booth has left—an open armed church with alleysways its doors and the streets its aisles and dark slum corners its pews and humanity, its music and democracy, its pulpit and the common people its congregation—a church that takes little but gives all, ministering to all and lifting the eyes of millions of the fallen and forgotten beyond the house tops.

capture the masses there in the cities, made religion democratic. Dying in his eighty-third year, he had worn the armor of a soldier of the Cross for sixty-two years, forty-seven of which were spent in directing the energies, recruiting the ranks and building the strength of the Salvation Army, which is simply a religious organization on military principles. Under the guiding hand of its great general it has grown from a score into a magnificent army of 8,574 corps and outposts under the direction of 22,513 officers and employees, with 904 social relief stations and 26,275 formally affiliated communicants. What better monument could this militant warrior of religion leave than an institution that outstretches its warm and uplifting hands to unfortunate women, to babies, to children, to the unemployed, to prisoners, to families, to the sick, the sore hearted, the distressed, the fallen? It is a mighty force for ever-increasing good that William Booth has left—an open armed church with alleysways its doors and the streets its aisles and dark slum corners its pews and humanity, its music and democracy, its pulpit and the common people its congregation—a church that takes little but gives all, ministering to all and lifting the eyes of millions of the fallen and forgotten beyond the house tops.

IN DEFENSE OF CHOCOLATES.

Woman's intuition once more has been vindicated by science. Her irrefragable—but not inexpensive—predilection for chocolates may be explained by the fact that chocolate is an admirable food for bracing the nerves and stimulating the system. A chocolate ration for soldiers is advised in times of strain, such as in maneuvers and operations because of its uncommon staying qualities. It is, therefore, admirably suited to the preening debutante about to wage social war and manoeuvre for the men. The nutritive and sustaining value of chocolate is five times that of its equal weight in beef, and it is said that a pint of milk and four ounces of chocolate are equivalent to a square meal. So knowing, the Louisville Courier-Journal thinks that the amorous young man will no longer label the box of chocolates he is sending this dream girl with "Sweets to the sweet," but he will accompany it with a note like this:

"I am sending you all needful elements of immortality—fat, carbohydrates, proteins and mineral salts, including a notable proportion of potassium phosphate. In addition, chocolate is mildly stimulating and exhilarating to the nervous system when run down through fatigue or worry."

If chocolate has such potency to make women militant, perhaps that's the reason why so many husbands never buy their wives any.

MARSHALL ON DEMOCRACY.

"Homespun." Indeed, as he described it, is the speech of Governor Marshall yesterday in accepting formally the Democratic vice-presidential nomination. It is the speech of a plain man to plain men—the sort of speech that the old man can read and approve after supper sits back in his rocker by the evening lamp. There is a new homeliness in the exposition of democracy by this gentleman from Indiana, who talks as frankly and with as little reverence for the sham of rank as did that good American in Hoosier Tarkington's Hoosier play, who treated a Russian grand duke as a common man, affectionately called him "Doc" and invited him to "get off at Kokomo, and any of the fellows can tell you where I live." Not the specious planks of the Baltimore platform, but the broad spirit upon which the Democratic party is based, is discussed; Governor Marshall exceeds Governor Wilson in the breadth and generality of utterance.

Evidently this Marshall is not like the great Marshall in his opinion of Jefferson's political faith. In fact, the great Chief Justice not only differed widely from the Man of Monticello, but disliked him. The Hoosier Marshall says: "Many have assumed that only the untalented poor and those sinking into that class were Democrats, and that the immeasurably rich and the climbers were Republicans. But these divisions have not been logical. It was not the outward and visible which marked the inward and spiritual of Thomas Jefferson. Born of the bluest blood in the old Dominion, and a confirmed aristocrat, he was a Democrat, and a statesman to all the luxuries of his generation, he was the man who declared that all men were created equal and that all were endowed with certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Given to his dying day, this aristocrat had not a single heart throb which was not in unison with the heart throbs of his fellow men. His great opponent in statecraft sprang from a lineage so lowly as to be unknown to either fortune or family. Hamilton believed in banking on princes' favors and in catering to the chosen few. The individualism of Thomas Jefferson is not dead. It has not moldered back to dust in the grave at Monticello. It makes the earth this day, knocking at the door of the old Dominion, of wise and earnest, calling upon all men to witness of this age the millennium of statecraft, wherein no one shall claim to be the master, and all shall be glad to be the servants of the republic."

The representative system of government is not wrong, but the "unjust use of the system" is, Governor Marshall points out. The misuse of the powers of government has produced great popular discontent. The centrifugal and centripetal forces, one the Republican and the other Socialist, are seeking to draw our government "away from its constitutional conception of three coordinate branches and from its guaranty to each individual of an opportunity to assert his natural and acquired talents in an honest endeavor to succeed." The main aim of the Democratic party is "to guarantee in law to

ways the opportunity of every man for liberty and for the pursuit of happiness."

Any voter can be satisfied this year, declares Governor Marshall. The voter who believes in unlawful monopolies, protection and government of the many by the few and for the few may vote the Republican ticket; the voter who couples a belief in protection with a desire for monarchy may vote the Progressive ticket; the voter "who thinks that church and state are not separate in America and that the people have a right to settle religious questions and to determine by ballot what is good and what is bad" may vote the Prohibitionist ticket; the voter who believes that the government should be converted into a socialism may vote the Socialist ticket, while the voter who believes in a tariff for revenue only, equalization of opportunity, the use of public office as a public trust, who does not "believe that disgruntled and discontented politicians are genuine reformers and who thinks that reforms are not born with sore toes," may vote the Democratic ticket. The last and the greatest requirement of the Democratic party, if it shall come into power, will be "wisdom and understanding to know the heartbreak and the need of our common humanity." That is the goal that our form of government must speed toward to save itself.

THE RAILROAD SITUATION.

The railroads are now entering upon a period of great prosperity. Gross and net earnings have shown considerable increases during the past two months as compared with the same period in 1911. The Southern roads have been especially prosperous. The only disturbing factors of recent importance have been the labor disputes in the anthracite and bituminous coal fields, which seriously crippled the coal-carrying roads during the month of May, and the floods in the Mississippi Valley which caused heavy losses in that section during the same month. The increase in traffic at present threatens to tax the equipment of the carriers to the limit. There is a rapid expansion in progress in the iron and steel trades and the bumper crops of the West must be moved. Traffic managers and railroad officials, realizing the difficulties of the situation, have issued statements requesting shippers to co-operate with them in preventing a car shortage. All indications point to a revival in the business of the railroads which will equal the unprecedented prosperity during the early half of 1907.

Another significant aspect of the railroad situation at the present time is the tendency to make the present arbitration proceedings relative to wage increases of employees, the basis for another attempt to secure authorization from the Interstate Commerce Commission presenting their case before the arbitration board, are reported as willing to assist the carriers in an application for higher rates. It is not known what will be the action of the free-men's organization, the demands of Commission for advanced freight rates. The locomotive engineers, probably realizing their weakness in which for increased rates of pay will soon come before an arbitration board, but judging from their previous attitude, they could be counted upon to assist the railroad managers. Thus, it would seem that the old content of the carriers and shippers would be renewed. At the former hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission, the success of the shippers was probably due to the fact that they had prepared their case with great care. The railroad attorneys neglected the economic aspects of the situation and relied upon the old constitutional arguments and worn-out claims of financial impoverishment. The result was a valuable lesson to the carriers, however, and they have, since the advanced rate case decisions, established a Bureau of Railway Economics in Washington to prepare statistical matter covering all phases of the railroad question. This bureau presented recently to the engineer's wage arbitration board more than 100 elaborate statistical exhibits in behalf of the railroads. By its assistance, it is expected that the carriers can make a better showing for the need of higher freight rates should another application be made to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

When four or five girls used to sit around on the front piazza it wasn't called anything, but now they call it a porch party.

"New York counts that day lost whose low descending sun sees no new crime or startling murder done" is the way the Sandy Valley News thinks about it.

A study of the country press convinces us that almost everybody in Virginia has gone fishing this summer and caught a "big mean."

"Go into any of the hotels or restaurants in England and you will hear guests giving orders for Russell steak," asserts the Lebanon News, in view of the large cattle shipments from Russell to Liverpool. With King George eating Russell steak for breakfast and Smithfield ham for supper, it looks like "old Virginia never tire."

The Mahoney, Illinois, Record says: "Professor Michael J. Shore and several other ones from Orlinburg arrived at the afternoon at Lakeside, where they rowed over the placid waters of the lake and fished with channel cat to the gentle brooks which sighed in the tree-tops, now and then a harsh note from a struggling frog in yonder green pool offering the only single instance of nature's cynicism. All had a splendid time in 'God's big temple'."

The professor evidently was on a mild literary lark.

On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

The Militant Suffragents.

D. T. B. writes:—"My wife has been demanding the right to exercise the franchise so vehemently that I named our old horse The Suffragent. The temperature of our domicile has been slightly below zero ever since and I burned nine tons of coke last week trying to create a congenial atmosphere. Belonging to the Suffragents is too expensive for a man in my station in life. Please accept my resignation."

G. F. writes:—"When a neighbor's wife told my wife that I was a member of the Militant Suffragents my wife went downtown and bought three new gowns, three new hats and five pairs of shoes and had them charged. I don't believe there is any way to circumvent the women and I also believe that our cause is going to fail for lack of funds. Somebody has been tipping off the secrets of the order. All of the women in our block know our password and hailing sign."

A Roomy Gentleman.

One of the recent war aids:  
FOR SALE—Automobile by a gentleman with a large tonneau.

The Gay Deceiver.

I never thought a thing so fair To gaze upon a vision rare Could really be so false at heart. 'Twas beautiful and fine to see And made a life-sized hit with me, I'd oft heard of love at first sight It was the case with me all right. I looked upon it day by day. At last I lugged the thing away. It's coloring was matchless and I was warranted to beat the band. 'Twas highly spoken of, forsooth. But soon I learned the bitter truth. If I'd been told I'd not believed That I could have been thus deceived. Alas, alas, 'tis ever thus. The things that make the hit with us Are seldom worth the time and fuss. They say that beauty is skin deep. I knew it when I took a peep. Beneath the hide of this fair thing, Whose praises I was wont to sing, I was gristled with and heart sore. When I found I'd been stung once more.

It failed to give the joy I sought; That watermelon that I bought.

Personal.

Interested—First, yes, we copy almost everything out of the comic papers. Second—yes, our wife writes all of our original stuff. Third—yes, we get paid for it. Fourth—no, it isn't at all hard, as most of the stuff is sent in and all we have to do is to copy it on a typewriter and correct the spelling. Fifth—no, we do not write the stuff out and get the idea afterward. It is quite the other way. Sixth—no, we have never been in jail and we don't know why not. Perplexed—If you want to make a safe bet away in the evening, put before and you will find you are coming in instead of going out.

Formula for Story Writing.

Write it.  
Then send it to one of the 25 cent magazines and forget it.  
Get it back.  
Send it to one of the 25 cent magazines and forget it.  
Get it back.  
Send it to one of the 15 cent magazines and forget it.  
Get it back.  
Send it to one of the 10 cent magazines and forget it.  
Get it back.  
Send it to one of the 5 cent magazines and forget it.  
Get it back.  
Send it to one of the family magazines that are thrown in at the front door advertising soap and forget it.  
Get it back.  
Throw it in the fire and FORGET IT.

One of These Rough Widows. What?

WIDOW WANTS IRONING.

How to Be Happy.

Don't try to learn to like grapefruit. Don't borrow another man's automobile and break it. Don't start an argument on religion or women's suffrage. Don't take a deaf party to the theatre with you. Don't expect any return for a favor. Then maybe you'll find it. Always carry a dozen extra collar buttons in your pocket and three or four safety pins. Don't polish your shoes with a bath towel and let your wife find it out.

According to Uncle Abner.

There is never much use in trying to scrape acquaintance with a fellow who has got a new automobile. There ain't a quick lunch fiend in this country who has got enough strength of mind to begin eating a piece of pie anywhere but at the small end. Deacons and straight laced as they used to be, but they are quite a lot safer in a box trade. If there is a law agin' going to church, even if you have to be there an hour and a half before the service started and there wouldn't be standing room.

One of the fables of human nature.

Is the fact that the crowd is always disappointed when the firemen get

Abe Martin



WHEN DAD WAS A BOY.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1912, By John T. McCutcheon.)



"You bet this is the last time I'm gonna visit Aunt Mary, not even if she invites me."

the blaze under control before it has done any damage.

There is nobody so unhappy as the fellow who spends his time trying to figure out the future.

It begins to look as though corrupt pipes are not going to go out of style very soon.

As long as the factories continue to make red neckties somebody will wear 'em.

Voice of the People

The Why of Your Vote.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—There has always been a way behind every vote. That why when ascertained, gives an irrefragable clue to the character of the voter. The voter largely makes the nation; the spirit of the nation aids or hinders civilization; the highest civilization is the ultimate goal of the world. If this logic is correct then the why behind the vote is of vast importance.

As a general thing it is the subtlest of the motives or the impulses behind his exercise of the franchise. Certainly not further than in a casual way. It is equally doubtful that the voter, as a rule, truly realizes the tremendous significance and responsibility of his prerogative of the ballot.

The question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" was answered by omnipotence thousands of years ago. The responsibility was fixed upon us in the very beginning of the beginning and has not to be evaded. And yet in casting our votes is this remembered? The question is up to you.

There are five classes of voters. Four of these are not true to themselves or their trust. The fifth class is and that class is made up of those.

Who Vote From Conviction.

We want to believe that this class is by far the larger and yet the political, economic and civic condition of our country gives this belief the lie. This would not be so if every honest man exerted himself sumptuously to attain a fair and accurate knowledge of all the questions he is called upon to give his endorsement to or protest against. Before a man accepts a religion he examines it in detail, discusses its every dogma and every phase of it. He inventories the stock, examines the books and satisfies himself of its condition. In fact before he buys a horse he looks into his mouth, rides or drives it, feels its legs and makes inquiry of the neighbors as to its previous behavior. On the other hand when he goes to vote the chance is he does not even understand the issue or know the candidate sufficiently to judge what his attitude will be on questions that he does know something of. He frequently arrives at the polls in a state of indolence and asks a neighbor or friend to advise him for whom to vote. Others glean their knowledge of the political situation from some pet partisan newspaper or passively accept the ideas of some local politician.

These men on the whole desire to vote right, but they are dishonestly negligent in their unpreparedness. This more or less blind sort of vote has made possible many of the unhappy conditions of the country to-day. When men wake up to the fact that their vote is not a mere drop in the bucket but an integral factor in determining the advance of progress of their country they will more conscientiously devote themselves to mastering the real why of their vote.

Those Who Vote From Tradition.

This hits home. At least we of the South have been generally accused of it and the accusation is not utterly baseless. The solid South has long been regarded as an unswerving mass of voters, hie bound in the bucket of tradition, unchangeable in their views and unamenable to argument or reason. The indictment is too severe and we resent it. However, we cannot deny that sentiment born in a dead yesterday and under a different regime leads to a lazy acceptance of a political belief of to-day. It is right and proper that we should be Democrats, but it is neither right nor proper that we should be so because our fathers and fore-

fathers were, or because a public sentiment would not tolerate our defection from the ranks. Conviction alone justifies an attitude. Conviction alone gives power and dignity to the ballot. A blind following of precedent is more inexorable narrow-mindedness and emancipates action of all virtue. If we become creatures and slaves of a party we are no longer in a position to demand that it be kept clean but are merely the inalienable assets of its leaders. I do not mean that we have erred in following tradition, for our tradition is a great and noble one, made for us by far-seeing, God-fearing, honest and honorable men, but many err in following this tradition alone, in accepting the tenets of a past without a verification of their present tenableness. So we assert that the voter, from tradition and tradition only, is untrue to his cause.

Those Who Vote For Personality.

The final and magnificent charge of the French cavalry at Waterloo was one of the most signal instances of a people's devotion to a personality. One does not regard in puzzled contemplation the extraordinary heroism of the six Hundred at Balaklava. Patriotism and love of country was behind that charge. But at Waterloo the motive was different. There is not death in defense of country, but death for a hero. The French heart was captured by the brilliant and magnetic personality of Napoleon. Such devotion defies understanding.

The same motive, although less pronounced in its intensity, that actuated the soldiers of France is discernible in the political action of many to-day. There are thousands of us who champion some hero in politics because his personality has captured our friendship or fancy. It would be strange to say I think that one Theodore Roosevelt will control thousands upon thousands of votes to-day. These voters would follow him in any party and upon any platform that was not obviously ridiculous, absurd and impossible. My king can do no wrong; he has no place or should have no place in the minds of a Democratic people, but it has and to a larger extent than most of us suppose. That it is pleasant to support a popular and attractive man for office is undoubtedly true. That is when that man stands for the things you know are right, but when you support him for himself alone and because of his personal appeal to you without regard to the issues he advocates, you are a moral laggard, a sucker and a misuser of your privilege.

Those Who Vote From Coercion.

This class properly divides itself into two classes, but the classes are so closely akin that one general category will do for both. Coercion and graft are very nearly related and so intertwined and woven together that it is difficult to consider them separately. The voter from coercion and the voter for graft are the political prostitutes of the country. They are a kind of social and moral bacteria, militant enemies of the cause of right. Their numbers may be guessed at by the present rampance of the disease they breed. The way behind their vote is over the thirty pieces of silver. We feel a touch of pity for the man whose business connections with another, whether man or corporation, but him so under the domination of that man or corporation that his franchise goes with his services; we feel a pity for the man whose means of livelihood for himself and family is so dependent upon the will of another that that other can command his soul and his conscience. We pity but we do not respect him. The coercion brought to bear upon him palliates but does not excuse it. It mitigates the offense but leaves it a crime. Vice this cowed creature, this person untagged of his manhood to gather courage and emancipate himself how different would he be the tale and in how short a time.

The out and out voter for graft, whether the payment be in cash, in privilege, in influence or what not is a coward and traitor combined. There is no difference in the moral ontology of the drunken sot who sells his vote for a dollar and that of the millionaire who votes for high tariff on the article he manufactures for no other reason than that it will increase his

revenue. Each sells for his price. Between the two are many gradations, all of them bowing before the creature graft, all of them dishonest with themselves, their fellows and their God.

The why of your vote is a question for you.

FREDERICK DUDLEY SWINDELL, Wilson, N. C.

The Defeat of Capt. Lamb.

The defeat of Captain John Lamb, chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture, in the recent primaries in Virginia, is at once pathetic and inspiring. It is pathetic that a man who has deserved so well of his constituency and of his State should in his old age be turned out of office, particularly when objection to him rested on no positive grounds. In office as out of it he had won and held the respect of his people. It is inspiring because it indicates a new spirit in the electorate, a spirit which tends to exorcise sentiment when balanced against the wisdom of a situation.

Captain Lamb was defeated not because he lacked ability as a Congressman, but because the opportunity presented itself of returning a man who would be certain to attain almost immediately a high place in the deliberations of the House and render there services of the greatest order. The choice was between two men of real ability, and the decision was in favor of the man who seemed to have the greater potential power and the greater likelihood of transmuting this potentiality into deeds.

As Governor of Virginia, Andrew Jackson Montague shed lustre among the giants of the Democratic House.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Bloodhounds. Can you inform me from whom I may secure some bloodhounds?

Write T. J. Davis, Superintendent State Farm, Lassiter, Va.

Virginia for Wilson. Is it certain that the electoral vote of Virginia will be for Wilson?

There is little doubt it will be for Wilson, but not at all because he was born in the State, as her record on the subject of favorite sons is by no means good augury for the Wilson vote. Virginia's electoral vote went to Jackson against Fremont, whose mother was a Virginian, though he was not born here. If it be considered a matter for pride that a State should support her native, she should remember that, in the presidential election, she less said about the record of Virginia the better.

An abbreviation.

Kindly give the abbreviation of the word "manufactured."

There is absolutely no word which you are bound by in making this form. Probably "mfd." would best meet the requirements of brevity, and, in the proper context, clarity.

Liquor License.

Is it a violation of law for a merchant to have in possession a United States liquor license in a dry territory?

No. R. W. HARTWILL.

National State and City Bank

Richmond, Virginia.  
Solicits Your Account.  
Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus, \$500,000.  
Best by Test for forty years.